THE

Fair SHEPHERDESS.

A New SONG

SEE how ſome Goddeſs there ſets ſo fair,
Some lovely creature or maid ſo rare;
No, I am no maiden that ſets ſo fair,
No lovely creature nor maid ſo rare;
But a ſhepherd's daughter kind ſir am I,
Feeding my flocks beyond thoſe vallies low.

This ring I put on your finger,
I pray love wear it for my ſake;
I'll ſpend my time in wandering,
And no care of myſelf I'll take,
For there is none but ſmall birds
Shall ring my knell,
Adieu my deareſt dear,
I'll bid you now farewel.

Go not away my ſweet turtle-dove,
For you have got my heart and love;
When firſt I ſaw your charming face,
It ſeem'd to me more pure than gold,
So go not away my love prove not ſo coy,
For I will be your ſlave, your ſervant, and your own dear joy.

Cupid that blind boy has ſhot at me,
And with his arrow has pierc'd my heart;
'Tis you alone love can kill or cure,
'Tis you alone love can eaſe my ſmart,
With courtſhip kind love and kiſſes ſweet,
And other joys when we together in one bed do meet.